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We come under the head of the Twentieth Century in style and finish -- everything up to date.

No Rehashes of Former Sales All New Goods!

Choice of our entire stock of
JACKETS

\$20

This Week
JACKETS
This Week

Including the Finest Cloth,
Velvet and Plush.

There is no Xmas Present that will be more acceptable than one of our Jackets. We advise early shopping

BOYD & JOHNS

39 East Washington Street.

... As Long As ...

CUBANOLA

remains in the market as a

FIVE-CENT CIGAR

You are not getting your full money's worth if you smoke any other brand.

Cubanola Wrapper is
Genuine Sumatra

Cubanola Filler is all
... Long Havana

Ask your dealer for Cubanola
and
insist upon having Cubanola

SHAW

Decorating Company,

38 S. Illinois Street.

Have your Walls Cleaned with
our new Disinfectant and
Wall Cleaner.

New Papers arriving daily.

If you want a Smoke that will
give you comfort, try a

Capital City

JOHN RAUCH,

CIGAR

Manufacturer.

IN THE NEW COUNTRY.

The mother, who had lately come into the new country, looked about her at the busy people, at the flowering sweets of gardens, at temples and homes and the counterpart of everything beautiful of which she had dreamed, and said to him who walked beside her: "And this is life?"

"And this is life," he answered. "Is it not sweet? Is it not better than the infancy of concerted praise? Why, see, mother, each has work apportioned to his requirement--not grinding, unremunerative toil such as you and so many others know."

"Yes, I worked hard over there," she said, thoughtfully, extending her little hands, from which all trace of labor had vanished. "I have sewed and mended and done great drudgery. Sometimes I longed to be Mary rather than Martha, and then the thought came that a duty left undone could not be sweetened by the professions of 'loving speech.'"

"The new principle exemplified thus," he answered, pointing to the busy people. "Praise is not so much stinging as action. Prayer is the whisper of the heart, not the petition of the lips. He that is thankful for the common things of life--the sun and blue sky, the birds, the friends--he it is who best interprets prayer."

"And I shall find my work?" questioned the mother.

"Surely. Each finds his work. The soul grows by the exercise of its gifts."

She was glad there was something to do in this new country. "One like me, who talked for so long could not be happy with idle hands," she said.

"And what work would you like best, little mother? Your soul will come into its own, but I have a wish to hear you voice your desire."

She considered. She thought of all the work she had longed to do in the other country, and for which there had been neither opportunity of time, or strength, or wealth. She had always loved music--even the simplest rudiments and crudest airs--and it was pleasant to think that now she might unfold her soul to music knowledge. She heard it pulsing the air as the desire strengthened. Great waves beat against her hearing and into her heart. She would have declared her chosen work, music, but just then a faint cry smote across the vibrations of the melody, and she remembered that elsewhere was sorrow and sin and suffering. For, being still herself, she could not divorce knowledge of her former life from life in this country. So she turned to him with sweet self-abnegation, and said: "I think I would like my work to be ministering to others. In that other country I was miserable. But I cannot go back there."

For one moment there was a homesickness for the sunset room and her quiet corner in it. And then she continued: "Perhaps I should be a nurse. I have heard that I thought I heard a cry of distress disturbing the music. Dearest, can it be that there is trouble here?"

She awaited his answer anxiously, wondering if burdens weighed shoulders in this place.

"Life cry called your soul to its work," he said, gravely. "Come, little mother, I have been appointed your companion, and I will lead you to your work."

She took his hand and they went toward the gate. But there she drew back when he would have led her through. "Not there; oh, not there," she entreated. "I was so glad to get away from care and trouble. Surely, we need not go without the gate."

He drew her to him, and, even while she was speaking, they came into a new atmosphere, and the cry that had been faint was loud. Then the expansive love of her nature asserted itself above the brief thought of self. "Oh, let us hurry, hurry," she cried; "some soul is in trouble."

And they came into a room where a mother sorrowed for her first-born. And, because of the unselfish love of the soul

mother, she recognized the other woman's need and, as she instilled peace into the aching life by the mere radiations of her sympathy, she said to him: "Dearest, I so suffered, long ago."

"Yes, indeed there would not have been community of interest."

"And I have found my work," he answered softly.

"You have found your work," he answered softly.

"Though it is little I can do, I who was lowly and unlearned."

Her eyes shone love into the burning eyes of the woman, and they went in relief. Her heart spoke love to the woman's heart, still through the blessedness of sympathy, it became calm. More she could not do, for soul ministering is commensurate with the reciprocity of the soul to which service is given.

She came again to the gate of the new country. "Hark!" she said, looking back, for soul ministering is commensurate with the reciprocity of the soul to which service is given.

He laughed softly. "Little mother," he said, "it is only the echo of the music you created there. Love and sympathy and tender kindness--these make the measures of the music we hear. We write our own songs in this country."

"I who was poor and lowly and unlearned," she whispered solemnly to herself, "it is only the echo of the music you created there. Love and sympathy and tender kindness--these make the measures of the music we hear. We write our own songs in this country."

OLAH TOPH.

A SIMPLE GUESSING GAME, Which Is Good for a Couple of Hours' Fun Any Evening.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A game which is both amusing and instructive and which can be played without pencil, paper or paraphernalia of any sort, has been enjoyed by a party of the young people at a boarding house. The game is simply this: One member of a company of five or six people is chosen to be the "word master." He is to give out a word which begins with a letter of the alphabet, and the others are to guess the word. The word master is to give out a word which begins with a letter of the alphabet, and the others are to guess the word. The word master is to give out a word which begins with a letter of the alphabet, and the others are to guess the word.

Two prizes are usually assigned--one to the person who guesses the largest number of words correctly, and the other to the one who has given the greatest number of words. The game is usually played for five minutes or more. Although no proper names and no obsolete words are allowed, the game is usually played for five minutes or more. Although no proper names and no obsolete words are allowed, the game is usually played for five minutes or more.

Occasionally a single word, whose first three letters are accompanied by a deprecating "Of course you'll guess this in a minute," proves a stumbling block for ten minutes. This is often caused by the fact that the first three letters of the word do not give a correct idea of the pronunciation of the word. The word is usually a common one, and the first three letters of the word do not give a correct idea of the pronunciation of the word.

He understood her.

Atlanta Constitution.

"How tired you look, my darling," exclaimed the little woman as she met him at the door. "Come right in and rest yourself. I've made you a new pair of slippers, and if your head aches, I'll rub it with cologne--your dear."

All this time he had been regarding her suspiciously. Finally he said:

"I had really forgotten that Christmas was so near. Here's \$20; it's the best I can do, Maria, until collections are better."

FOR THE ADVERTISER

USES OF POETRY AND HUMOR IN BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In a General Way, the First Is Effective If It Is Well Written--Things to Avoid When Humor Is Tried.

Should poetry and humor be used in advertising? That all depends; first on the poetry and humor, second on the place in which it is used. Poor poetry and humorless humor can never be used to advantage in any sort of advertising. Good poetry and true humor can be used in some places to great advantage, but even when good things must be used with discrimination.

Nine-tenths of all the advertising poetry that one runs up against is a shuddering abomination. A good many people have an idea, unfortunately, that the only rule to be observed in writing poetry is to see that your lines don't quite reach across the page. Such little trifles as meter and rhythm and rhyme do not for a moment enter into their poetic calculations. As a matter of fact, verse writing is not a very difficult task to any person of average education and a good musical ear. It is easy enough after you know how; but to do it with any degree of success requires some knowledge of the rules of meter and some little practice. The simple fact that a man has built up a large coal or grocery trade does not in itself necessarily equip him properly for successful poetic composition. But a good many people think it does. Hence the large number of unspeakable atrocities which we see in verified advertising.

I have made a choice collection of this sort of literature; I will not lay myself open to an indictment for general manslaughter by subjecting you to many of them; I'll give only two or three just as they come. Here's a little outburst culled from a Philadelphia paper. It is an advertisement of a shoe house, and it reads as follows:

"When a young lady wants to wed she must wait until she's asked--
Until some man has said 'I love you.'
A match for you I will strike.
But the new woman will sit in it
And ride it--
Says no; for of man my garb is a mockery,
I can strike for myself on my own knickerbockers."

And here's another that will serve very well as a running mate for the first. A clothier, it seems, has an ulcer that he wants to sell and he consals you into the proper frame of mind for buying ulsters by a forty-line lyric from which I quote two stanzas of especial brilliancy:

"I've struck it and it's just the cheese,
An overcoat that's King, known as Prince,
Twenty dollars of your wages if you please,
From 'labour you may this great coat seize."

Get one, 'twill protect your body, neck and knees,
And keep your whiskers from struggling with the breeze.
You leave to-morrow, by the first train go;
Possessed of one of the wild winds they may blow."

TOPICS TO AVOID.

Religion and death are two subjects that should not be joked about in advertising. I noticed the advertisement of a life insurance company, some little time ago, which was a parody on "Now I lay me down to sleep--a thoroughly abominable ad, for the reason that no matter how hardened a reprobate a man may have become he will always have a tender spot in his heart for that little prayer--the first his mother taught him. There is another advertisement equally bad which I saw not long ago, sent out by an advertising agency. It was a card, and on the front was the black, grim outline of a coffin, reading on the lid: "The dead don't advertise." A coffin lid is a pretty poor place for joke writing.

Humor that savors of profanity and vulgarity is also bad advertising. Here is an advertisement lying before me now, the big display line of which reads: "Dam it," worked in this way: There's a top line in small type: "Why don't they build mills on the Mississippi river? Because--Dam it--they can't." Now that might amuse three people out of five, but offend the other two. It wouldn't be likely to attract much trade, and it would be very certain to repel some.

GEM OF THE COLLECTION.

To be sure, that last line may strike the reader accustomed only to plain plebeian prose as a trifle uncertain in its meaning, but doubtless this advertising poet is a disciple of Browning and believes that true poetry is the sort that no one can understand. But perhaps the bright particular radiating gem of the collection is this, taken from a Canadian paper, Cambridge, the seat of Harvard College, where Lowell fellow thought and wrote, where Lowell lived and died, where Emerson studied, where Holmes was born--cultured, classical Cambridge. The proprietor of a bakery breaks forth in these sonorous and re-echoing lines:

"Don't give a razor to the baby,
For it would only trouble make;
Nor set a tub of water hot,
For that dear baby's sake;
For he would only cut him,
And just as surely would he burn,
And just as sure to our sorrow
In a short time would we learn
That baby's built that way."

And yet, notwithstanding all this, poetry may be used to great advantage in advertising. There's no other sort of advertising so effective on a pretty card or a handsome calendar, if the verses are short and neatly turned. I ran across this little quatrain the other day on a pretty little lithographed card, headed, "Some Rainy Days Must Come."

"No life is constant, sunshine, some rainy days must come,
A cloud should shade all thoughtful folk
To purchase so so's rubbers, best work and surest gum,
The handsomest, most lasting rubbers made."

This is almost a model of versified advertising. It is short, it is poetic in rhyme and rhythm; it starts in a thoroughly poetic vein, and swings over easily, quickly, and adroitly right into the advertising. A cleverly-turned verse of four lines is a very good sort of advertising. If it has just the proper trip and swing you are likely to read it over two or three times, and reading it over two or three times, you almost inevitably carry it away with you. Perhaps the chief advantage of putting an advertisement into metrical form is the fact that it is more easily retained in the memory. But to compass this desirable end the poet must be sober; for while most people can remember four ringing lines of verse, comparatively few would be able to carry away twelve or sixteen lines.

The verse form of advertising--where its advertising character is not too palpable--may be used to advantage in a newspaper print, more or less humorous stuff in the way of verses and paragraphs. Get up your ad in the same vein as the rest of the verses; it's very likely to be read. You are probably all familiar with those four-line "See That Hump" verses so much in evidence a year or two ago. They were good advertising because everybody read them.

In a general way, poetry is good in advertising where it is well written; correct in construction, so that it will appeal to educated people; full of swing and rhythm, so that it pleases the ear; and short enough to be inviting in appearance and easily retained in the memory. If, in addition, it is witty and has a cleverly-turned point so that people will not only remember it, but will tell it to other people, it certainly constitutes good advertising. But if you must rely upon yourself to set up your poems, and you've never written a line of it in your life, or if you are going to turn over this work to your office boy simply because he has the least to do of anybody around the place, my advice to you is, for the sake of a long-unsettled public--and your trade--don't do it, for all kinds of poor advertising, poor poetry is the poorest.

HUMOR IS USEFUL.

Humor in advertising is like poetry--if it's good and in the right place, it makes good advertising. I have known some advertising specialists to decry the use of humor with good bitterness, as I have heard aged spinsters speak of youth and beauty as vain and hollow and altogether undesirable. Humor is always useful when you want to appeal to your fellow-men. Why do people always crowd into the court room when Mr. Joe Choate is on a case? Because he's the witliest man in New York. And why does everybody want to hear Tom Reed? Because the honorable speaker can be so funny. People like to be entertained, and if

VOICE OF THE PULPIT

A CONCISE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, "WHAT IS RELIGION?"

Rev. F. O. MacCortney, of Rockland, Mass., Says It Includes Obedience, Service and Sacrifice.

(Copyright, 1885, by the Newspaper Sermon Association.)

Texts: "Lo, I am come, to do thy will, O God."--Heb. x, 7.
"But I, in the midst of you, as he that serveth."--Luke xxii, 27.
"Becoming obedient unto death, yea the death of the cross."--Phil. ii, 8.

To attempt to tell what religion is, in a few words, is a large contract. Theologians and philosophers, ministers and religious writers have spoken and written for ages on the subject, so that it is very hard for one to realize this fact; that, while religion is an important thing, it is after all a very simple thing--so simple that, if we once caught the meaning of its simplicity, we would be disappointed, for there is more or less of a desire in all of us to put certain things in the place of genuine religion.

Now, let us start right. I want you to understand, once for all, that religion does not consist in making long prayers or short ones, nor in believing in a definite creed, nor in taking part in or witnessing long and mysterious ceremonies; it is not belonging to a church, nor does it consist in attending church or religious meetings, nor does it mean the observance of certain rites, or the reading of religious books or the Bible. I have spoken of what religion is not, in order to clear away a lot of untrue ideas which we may have on the subject. Understand me: I am not saying that the things which I have mentioned are not all right and important in their place, and they may be a help to religion, yet they are not religion. Religion is a lump, do not constitute religion. For a man may do all of these things and yet be very far from being a good man or a religious man.

Let us boil the thing down and get at the essence. Religion is made up of three principles: First, obedience; second, service; and third, sacrifice.

First--Obedience. You at once ask, obedience to what? I answer: Obedience in thought, word and deed to the highest right you have in you. There is in most every man a conception of higher duty.

Now, if you should today make the deep resolve that, as far as you know it, you would do your full duty in everything, in every part of life, I say that you would be on the right track. A man should be anxious to find out the highest right, and then have the courage to do it, no matter what the consequences may be. To keep the soul open to every good influence, to hold the mind ready for any truth, this is the correct attitude of mind and heart.

For, if we only knew it, these visions of duty and this knowledge of right are the very voice of God whispering to us, and the spirit of God attempting to lead us to a realization of all that is good and true and beautiful. Jesus when he lived had this great desire to do the thing which he knew to be right. In the Epistle of the Hebrews he is represented as saying, "Lo, I am come, to do thy will, O God." God will that we should want to find out the truth, and then go and put it into practice. That takes in the whole matter.

Second--Service. Religion does not consist alone in the experiences of God in the thought or feelings.

More than God and the soul are concerned in religion. Loving God is a part of religion, and an important part, but the way to show one's love for God is to give one's self completely to the service of our fellow-men.

Our personal life and destiny are bound up with the race. Life consists of being related to others. A man should not be pharisee too much his relation to his family or business associates. He is related to the community, to the commonwealth, to the nation and to the world. The highest gift which can be offered is one's life to the service of humanity. If we want to ask me along what line service were most needed to-day, I would say, along the line of solving the great problems which confront this nation. We are on the eve of great changes of some kind. Political action must settle, rightly or wrongly, great industrial and social problems. If justice triumphs, if the principle of brotherhood is introduced into our economic system, if the liberties which were won by our forefathers shall be preserved, it will be only because you with others shall immediately give your lives, and devote much of your time and energy to the solution of these great questions.

This, then, is to-day the line along which you can give your highest service to your nation and to your race. The destiny of millions of your fellows who are now in poverty and ignorance and darkness depends on the way in which these problems are solved. Thus service is more than being a good husband or wife or son or daughter. These are high duties without question. To be honest in the conduct of business, to be true as an employee to your work, is a part of duty and of service, but I wish to emphasize the necessity of taking a larger view of what service consists of. I want you as an individual to begin in a new sense to bear the burdens of the nation and of the world. And on this altar of service may you give all that you are or possess.

Third--Sacrifice. I have spoken of obedience and service as being two of the underlying principles of religion. There is the third principle of sacrifice. A man should be willing to follow the truth wherever it may lead him, and should be willing to put his knowledge of truth into action at whatever cost. A man's family, reputation, fortune and life should be put upon the altar as a sacrifice, if following truth and right demands it.

So with service. I do not ask that a man should sacrifice himself unnecessarily; but if necessary, any sacrifice should be made in the service of humanity. There is very little service which does not involve sacrifice. There should be no sacrifice which does not result in service. There should be a willingness on the part of every man to sacrifice all in obedience and service.

Some one may say right here that this is not modern and low as being the thing in religion. And yet I have been preaching love all the time in everything that I have said. My love to fellow-men is dependent upon the extent to which I am willing to serve them. A willingness to sacrifice in service is the highest possible expression of love.

We are sometimes deeply moved at the recital of the need of our fellows. We feel tears coming to our eyes, and our throats choke up a little. That is the right kind of feeling, but the test of its genuineness is this: Does this emotion express itself in service to our kind, even that service which counts little as taught in connection with the true well-being of our fellow-men? Religion is action, having service as its chief purpose and sacrifice as its method. And this is love.

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